

MELVIN THE HORSE SEZ.



DEAR WEASLE,

WHAT'S UP? I RECEIVED MY FIRST COPY- (PRAMABLE) OF WEASLE WEEKLY - EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T THE FIRST COPY, I DIDN'T RECEIVE MY COMPLEMENTARY BATHING SUIT ISSUE OR MY FREE OLYMPIC PEN. MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE SUCH A RIP OFF. YOU ALWAYS SURPRISE THE HELL OUT OF ME - JUST WHEN WE'RE ON THE BRINK OF A TEACHERS STRIKE HERE IN MS. - I GET A LITERARY MAGAZINE FULL OF WONDERS FROM YOU. DEPRESSED - HEH, NOT ME - IT MADE MY DAY. MY BOSS CRACKED UP - SHE SAID - DO THESE PEOPLE GO TO SCHOOL? HAVE A JOB, ETC. ? OR DO THEY JUST HAVE FUN? NECESSARY TO SAY, YOU JUST HAVE FUN. SUCH IS LIFE. REPEATING A FAMOUS QUOTE - "SOMETIMES - IF YOU CAN'T SAY 'WHAT THE FACK', YOU JUST CAN'T FACK!" CORRECTO? IN THE WEASLE, IT SEEMS LIKE I'M MISSING OUT ON SOME GOOD BANDS IN N'VILLE. GOT TO GO - STUCK IN MIDSTREAM - PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT WEASLE. TAKE CARE - LOVE -

CARRIE K. PATTERSON
INDIANOLA, MISS.



MY DIARY

July 4, 1984
Thursday
See July 4, 1984
like crackers cause
like I said you can't pop
them.
WALL STREET
WEASLE

RIDDLE FROM WHIT -
A MAN IS LAYING FACE DOWN IN
THE MIDDLE OF A POOL OF BLOOD
HE IS DEAD, AND THE ONLY THING
AROUND IS A WHITE SHEET. HOW
DID THE MAN DIE?
(ANSWER ELSEWHERE)



Dear Weasle,

I am writing this note out of sheer desperation. I have found a valuable piece of information that could become a weapon if delivered to someone with a fair amount of intelligence. That is why I am depending on you weasles. I know my secret is safe with you. I yes I. A foully, muscled, barren, pregnant woman have found a new dimension. This is not the little zone shit. This is for real!! It all began so long ago. I have been tormented ever since that dreadful day. When my husband unchained me so I could do the laundry. If only he had never taken my white jacket with steel piping off this would never have happened. I'll murder him later. Oh, yes. Back to my problem. I undressed myself, trying to grip all the dirty clothes I could without dropping them or my guts. After struggling for an eternity I found a clothes-pin for my nose and proceeded to THE WASHROOM. A dark, unknown place where clothes disappear. I set to work being sure to match the moldy socks as best I could since they have a habit of disintegrating into thick air. I washed them first, moonlight. I beat the children and returned to find the happy sight of wet socks dizzily from spinning round and round with mass amounts of CHEER. Now came the sad but necessary part. It simply wrenched my heart to see those dear, so clean socks, disappear into the unknown realm of THE BEYER. I complained then with something instead, I couldn't do that! What would the neighbors say? So I sent them into the burning hell of the dryer, never knowing if I would see my favorite pair again. I punched the button on the dryer like an executioner pulling the fry switch. It let the dryer think I was going for a beer, and slipped behind the water-heater who belated at me in protest. When it started tumbling and making happy, satisfied noises I could bare it no longer. I pushed the starting switch, slipping into the other dimension. I knew must have been death, slipping I lost all control and leaped blindly into the dryer only to find her as much as she did me, and then she reached with one hairy sock gripped firmly between her teeth. I slammed the dryer door. Her head was where to turn. I have been visiting the wispy-wispy lady lately with my box of generic windex and M-16 to cry fervently as I look through the window and watch my socks burn helplessly. They are all there when I open the oven door. I still can hear their screaming, screaming protests as they cling to other clothes like leeches.

Help DESPERATE
WOMAN

BRUCE
SEZ:



Show
Info.

Nashville's in for a rock'n'roll
summer as new bands roll in and
some come back just to visit.

CANTRELL'S

MAY 24TH: (possible) CHAPEL OF ROSES !!
and WILD SEEDS? Jam. JX..
Go DOG GO \$ Austin JX..
(Wa-hoo)

MAY 31st: BOWEMER
OF BARUMBA (last Nashville)
Show: Oct. 1984

JUNE 1st: TRIGGER AND THE THRILL
KINGS!!

(Featured in
Weasle #2 (NYC center) last
Nashville show: March 1985.
Weasle orders loyal readers to attend the show of
this fantastic trio)

JUNE 7th or 8th: possible Nashville visit by
THE
BLASTERS

IN the works:
Alien Sex Friend (from England's
Johnny Thunder Batcave)

AN OPEN LETTER
HEY! EVERYBODY READ THIS!
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

CAN I BE SERIOUS FOR JUST A MOMENT? GOOD!
HELLO EVERYONE! THIS IS LEE A. HERE. WELL, SUMMER!
FINALLY HERE! WAHOO!

AND SUMMER MEANS FUN! SUN! WATER! SAND!
SURF! THE BEACH BOYS! JELLO PUDDING POPS! RERUNS!
PICNICS! STEPPING IN DOG SHIT ON YOUR LAWN!
ALL NO SCHOOL!!

BUT THAT SORT OF BRINGS A PROBLEM FOR US HERE AT THE
WEASLE. YOU SEE, WE'RE ALL IN SCHOOL HERE AT BELMONT
COLLEGE AND EVERYBODY LIVES OUT OF TOWN (EXCEPT ME...)
SO... WE WERE KINDA BETWEEN A ROCK AND A... A
BIGGER ROCK, WITH LIKE, LITTLE POLY-POLY BUGS UNDER IT
WHEN YOU TURN IT OVER! AND MAYBE EVEN A SNAKE! JCKY!

SO... SINCE YOU READERS HAVE BEEN SO KIND AND SO
SUPPORTIVE OF OUR LITTLE TABLOID, INSTEAD OF TAKING
2 MONTHS OFF, WE CAME UP WITH AN ALTERNATIVE!
THE JUNE+JULY ISSUES OF THE WEASLE WEEKLY WILL BE
A BIT DIFFERENT IN FORMAT - A ONE PAGE, TWO SIDED
FLYER-TYPE PAGE THAT WILL BE DISTRIBUTED HONESTLY
GOOD WEEKLY! YES, YES, YES!

HOWEVER, CIRCULATION WILL BE SEVERELY LIMITED (BECAUSE WE'LL
HAVE TO PAY FOR THE PRINTING - WE USUALLY DON'T)

SO GET YOUR COPY EARLY, CAUSE THEY'RE SURE TO
BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!!!

WHILE WE'RE JUST TALKING HERE, WE'D LIKE TO THANK
EVERYONE WHO'S CONTRIBUTED (INCLUDING BANDS +
SUCH) AND TO THOSE WHO HAVEN'T CONTRIBUTED
GET OFF YOUR ASS AND DO IT! AFTER ALL, THIS
IS YOUR MAGAZINE. OUR SUMMER ADDRESS IS:

618 E. MAIN - GALLATIN, TN. 37066.
remember it - live it!

SEE YOU SOON, LEE A. Cam



MORE
LETTERS
TO
THE
WEASLE!

Dear Dale
I have just finished reading
your magazine. I must tell
you I enjoyed it very much
you know, even though I've
never met you that you must
be a good guy. I share
some of the same views as you
and I consider myself to be
just simply wrong.
I would like to take this
opportunity to tell you that I
respect your work. Keep up
the good job! or keep the
flack which ever you prefer.
- Con -
(ED. NOTE - CUN, KEEP THE
FAITH? PLEASE SEND A
PICTURE OF YOURSELF I MUST
CLUBS!
WEIRD!
(SHE'S FROM MISSISSIPPI - WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT.)

LOCAL HEROES

THIS SECTION IS CALLED: "BANISH YOU PROBABLY ISSUED, BUT SHOULD NOT DO IT AGAIN." BY LEE CARR

1. CHIP and the CHILTONS

A really funband. Chip Chilton is an excellent guitarist, songwriter, and has quite a sense of humor. Their upbeat, catchy pop songs abound to catch on soon, so check them out.

2. The WAY-OUTS

These guys are young, but they show a lot of promise. Their songs are aggressive, punchy and their stage presence is energetic. Lead vocalist/guitarist Jeff reminds me of a young Paul Westerberg.

3. TRIGGER and the THRILL KINGS

Excellent combo from New York. Played here once before to a small audience, but will be back soon, so don't make the same mistake twice.

4. BONE MEN OF BARUMBA

Band from Chicago. They play a sort of neo-psychedelic jungle rock that they describe as "CAVE MUSIC". They are energetic and interesting to watch also.

BAD NEWS: Lords of the New Church have been cancelled from Cantrell's. It seems that the recent Exploited/UK Subs gig lost money, and Terry Cantrell panicked.

Speaking of Cantrell's, manager Bill Carlton and sound man Howie Tipton are leaving the establishment to reopen

The Cannery. **NAD UNRELATED STORY:** Raging Fire's recent successful 11-ages matinee will hopefully inspire other local bands to do the same. I mean, it's only fair that everyone should be able to experience live music, right?

White Frog At My Window
by Bryan Dread
I went to the window in the dead of night
Only to find a little frog of white
I asked him his name and he replied "Al"
He asked me mine in a very soft voice
so I told him and he seemed to laugh
I invited him in, offered some gin
and he said he wanted MY LIFE.
I panicked for a while. Then asked him why
"Why do you want me?"
He went on to explain that it was a game
that he would play with Zeus
Then I thought I was going crazy
"Hey wait! Why am I talking to a white
frog?"
Frogs are only green.
I was relieved and went back to bed
I never woke up, I think I was dead

DEAD PETS comic
by Lee Carr

What to do with your DEAD GOLDFISH

FAT REDNECKS TRUCKS comic
by Lee Carr

Hey boy! What kind of hair is that?

Look! He's got a car-rant!

Must be one of them Pogo rockers.

Drunk Friends?

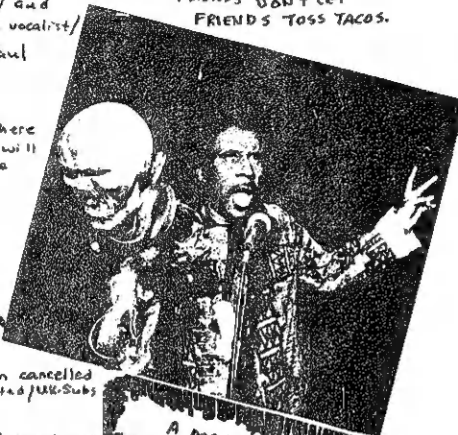
DON'T TAKE CHANCES!
TAKE OUT "HEAVE INSURANCE"
FOR YOUR CAR.

example:

I, the undersigned, agree not to blow my cookies in the confinement of said automobile. I also agree to pay for all cleaning costs should spontaneous reorganization occur.



FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS TOSS TACOS.



A mean poem
by Lee A. Carr
glory, glory, hallelujah...
You'll get what's comin' to ya'
You'll get a stomach tumor
You'll get a stake right thru
your heart...
You can say what you want to people
when you are very angry
feel much better.

I'M RATHER STRANGE

I COOKIN A RANGE

I MIGHT HAVE MANGE

I'LL NEVER CHANGE.

Lee Carr

MORE THAN 5 TOP 5's ON PAGE 5!

SEND US YOUR TOP 5 LATEST RAVES!!

ADAM DREAD!!

(WRVU, 91 ROCK DEE JAY AND THE MOST DREADED MAN IN ROCK 'N' ROLL!!)

1. "PRINCESS of the UNIVERSE" - UTOPIA
2. "ALL SHOOK UP" - ELVIS "THE KING" PRESLEY

Bob Hay
the SQUALLS

Here is my top 5 albums:

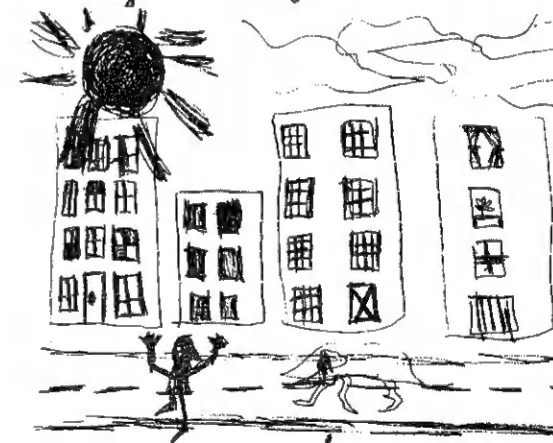
Introducing the Beatles

Europe '72 - Grateful Dead

Discover America - Van Dyke Parks

Gynate - Pylon

More Songs about Bldgs... - Talking Heads



HANK TILBURY

DEEP, INTELLECTUAL KINDA GUY.

1. "YA YA" - LEE DORSEY
 2. "PAPA OOM MOW MOW" - THE RIVINGTONS
 3. "BE-BOP-A-LULA" - GENE VINCENT
 4. "RAMA LAMA DING DONG" - THE EDSELS
 5. "DIDDY WAH DIDDY" - RY COOPER AND EARL "FATH" HINES
- KEN "BUZZSAW!" MCMAHAN
LEAD SINGER/LEAD GUITARIST FOR PJ AND THE DUSTERS
- I. DB'S - LIKE THIS
 - II. REM - RECKONING
 - III. ERIC CLAPTON - E.C. WAS HERE
 - IV. CIRCLE JEK'S - GROUP SEX
 - V. JASON & THE SCORCHERS - LOST AND FOUND

ROB HOSKINS

VOCALIST AND KEYBOARDIST w/ FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

DANA MCFADDEN

DAL'S LIL' SISTER!
(HEY, EVERYONE'S TOP 5 IS WORTHY!)

1. "CRAZY" - PATSY CLINE
2. "TOO MANY FISH IN THE SEA" - THE MARVELETTES
3. "WHAT'S GOIN' ON" - MARVIN GAYE
4. "STOP! IN THE NAME OF LOVE" - DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES
5. "PUT YOUR DREAMS AWAY" - FRANK SINATRA
(NOT BAD FOR A 17 YR. OLD!)

GROOVY PAGE 5
ART WORK
BY LYNN H.

NEWS BITS

*SQUEEZE IS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN WITH CHRIS DIFFORD, GLEN TILBROOK, JOOLS HOLLAND, GILSON LAVIS AND A SOON TO BE NAMED BASS PLAYER (JOHN BENTLEY OPTED NO). SQUEEZE WILL BE DOING A SPECIAL REUNION TV APPEARANCE IN THE UK SHORTLY TO FEATURE THEIR NEWLY RECORDED SINGLE, "THE LAST TIME FOREVER". THE SINGLE SHOULD BE RELEASED IN JUNE. AN ALBUM (TO BE RECORDED IN BELGIUM AND A BRITISH TOUR WILL FOLLOW LATER IN THE YEAR. THE BAND IS BEING TRIPLE MANAGED BY JOHN LAY, PAUL LILLY, AND MILES COPELAND. SQUEEZE SPLIT UP IN OCTOBER OF 1982, AND CHRIS DIFFORD & GLEN TILBROOK SUBSEQUENTLY RELEASED AN LP IN 1984.

*THE DREAM SYNDICATE'S STEVE WYNN HAS JUST COMPLETED "THE LOST WEEKEND, WITH DANNY AND DUSTY", A SOLO PROJECT BY WYNN AND GREEN ON RED'S DAN STUART. THE ALBUM FEATURES 10 SONGS, INCLUDING EIGHT NEW COMPOSITIONS BY WYNN AND STUART, WRITTEN DURING NFL GAMES, OLD MOVIES AND RE-RUNS OVER THE PAST YEAR. THE LP ALSO CONTAINS AN INTERPRETATION OF BOB DYLAN'S "KNOCKIN ON HEAVEN'S DOOR". WYNN NOTED, "WE WERE FEELING A LOT LIKE PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID FOR AWHILE THERE." THE TWO SINGER-SONGWRITERS RECEIVED A STELLAR BACKING FROM AN ALL-STAR AGGREGATE OF LOS ANGELES' FINEST YOUNG MUSICIANS, INCLUDING LONG RYDERS' SID GRIFFIN (GUITAR), STEVEN MCCARTHY (GUITAR, LAP STEEL) AND TOM STEVENS (BASS), ALONG WITH GREEN ON RED'S CHRIS CACAVAS (PIANO) AND THE DREAM SYNDICATES DENNIS DUCK (DRUMS).

"THE LOST WEEKEND" WITH DANNY AND DUSTY" WILL BE RELEASED IN MAY AND A SHORT US TOUR WILL FOLLOW. THE DREAM SYNDICATE, MEANWHILE, ARE CONSIDERING REPLACEMENTS FOR DEPARTED GUITARIST KARL PRECODA AND WILL HAVE A NEW ALBUM AND TOUR BY LATE SUMMER.

*ON THE LOCAL ATLANTA/ATHENS SCENE:

DURING A RECENT SHOW IN NORFOLK, VA, THE SWIMMING POOL Q'S NOTICED MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE HOLDING UP THEIR "PINKY" FINGERS AND GIVING THEIR WRISTS A TWIST. AS IT TURNS OUT, THEY WERE GIVING THE BAND SIGN LANGUAGE FOR THE LETTER "Q". LEAD SINGER JEFF CALDER, AN AVID FAN OF PAISLEY MATERIAL, IS NOW SPORTING WHAT ONE REVIEWER CALLED, "...THE UGLIEST SUIT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND--A BROWN PAISLEY-PRINT DOUBLE-BREADED CORDUROY JACKET WITH MATCHING PANTS."

*REM IS ABOUT FINISHED WITH THEIR THIRD ALBUM, FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION, PRODUCED BY JOE ROYD, KNOWN FOR HIS WORK WITH RICHARD THOMPSON, FAIRPORT CONVENTION, NICK DRAKE, THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND AND A HOST OF OTHERS. FABLES WILL INCLUDE SOME OF THE 18 SONGS THE BAND RECORDED, REPORTEDLY FOUR OF THE SONGS RECORDED ARE COVER VERSIONS; ONE OF WHICH IS PYLON'S "CRAZY". TENTATIVELY REM WILL START TOURING LATER THIS SPRING - AROUND THE TIME OF THE ALBUMS RELEASE.

*MICHAEL STIFE, WHO IS NOW SPORTING A CREW CUT, IS LEAD VOCALIST ON THE NEW GOLDEN PALOMINOS SINGLE, A COVER OF MOBY GRAPE'S "OMAHA". THE CELLYLOID RELEASE IS BACKED WITH "I.D. (LIKE A VERSION)". THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS ALSO FEATURE ANTON AND ARTO LINDSAY.

*LOVE TRACTOR IS ONE OF THIS AREA'S MOST TOURING BANDS. AT THEIR RECENT SHOW AT 688 IN ATLANTA, LOVE TRACTOR ENDED THE SHOW WITH A COVER OF THE DOOR'S "ROADHOUSE BLUES" SUNG BY JEFF CALDER OF THE Q'S. AFTER FOUR INDY ALBUMS, LOVE TRACTOR IS STILL LABEL SHOPPING.

*LMNOP HAS JUST RELEASED THEIR DEBUT VINYL CALLED MAGAZINE SINGLE. IT INCLUDES A PERSONALLY SIGNED 12 PAGE MAGAZINE AND A 45 WITH "FOREVER THROUGH THE SUN" AND "THREE COLON ON OH". THE BAND HAS PREVIOUSLY RELEASED 3 INDY CASSETTES ALL ON LMNOP RECORDS. A RECENT TOUR DATE, TOOK THE BAND TO LEXINGTON, KY WHERE THEY PLAYED CAFE LMNOP - NO CONNECTION.

*THE ROYS HAVE RECORDED THREE NEW SONGS AND ARE LABEL SHOPPING. ONE SONG "CABBAGETOWN" TELLS THE TRUE STORY OF DAVID SAMPLES, A LOCAL 17 YEAR OLD WHO WAS SHOT & KILLED BY A POLICEMAN LAST FALL IN THE CABBAGETOWN SECTION OF ATLANTA.

*THE NIGHTPORTERS HAVE FINISHED THEIR PRODUCTION IN THE STUDIO. THEY ARE PRESENTLY NEGOTIATING WITH RELATIVITY RECORDS FOR RELEASE. THE FEATURED TRACK IS "WEST OF EDEN".

*THE BAR-B-Q KILLERS, ARE ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING LIVE BANDS AROUND TOWN. LEAD VOCALIST, LAURA CARTER GIVES MORE ATTITUDE THAN MOST PEOPLE CARE TO RECEIVE. SHE THRASHES ABOUT THE STAGE, PERIODICALLY, THROWING HERSELF TO THE GROUND AND WRITHING ABOUT UNTIL THE MICROPHONE CORD IS IN KNOTS. THIS IS SOME EXCITING BUSINESS HERE. AS LAURA SAYS, "BAR-B-Q OR MY ASS".

*THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS ARE NOW BASED IN ATHENS, GA.

TRAGIC BREAK UP... THE TRAGIC DANCERS HAVE PROVEN UP. AND BASS PLAYER, ARTHUR JOHNSON WENT TO THE BAR-B-Q KILLERS.

HOME OF CELEBRITIES - LARRY TEE OF THE NOW EXPLOSION IS THE MANAGER OF THE COOL NEW CELEBRITY CLUB. A PLACE WHERE HOT BANDS PLAY FOR COOL PEOPLE.

*GA) SATELLITES - NOW DEFUNCT HAVE A 6 TRACK IMPORT EP CALLED, KEEP THE FAULTS ON MAKING WAVES LTD RECORDS.

OTHER VINYL RELEASES INCLUDE:

*86 HAS RELEASED A 7 TRACK EP ON OHP RECORDS

*DOO BLAN TANT AN EP ON RISQUE

*SHEER THURSDAY - A SINGLE "HE LEAVES" ON MAUNDY MUSIC.

*MODERN MANNEQUINS - A 12" "STREETS OF BROKEN GLASS" ON THEIR OWN LABEL.

FOR MORE ATHENS & ATLANTA NEWS, CONTACT:

POSTY WORLD MAGAZINE
Box 423
Athens, GA 30603
(404) 351-2213

i was wasted

by Walter Ego

I remember not being able to remember anything...



...just being in a dark underwater with blurry spikes of vision coming through like needles through wool.



They tell me I walked home.



I can picture it: On my hands and knees, with a blind, puzzled face, searching for the scattered bits of myself...



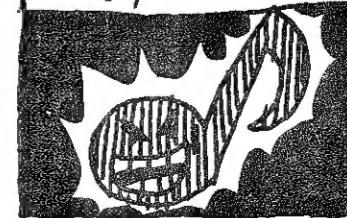
I listened to the crazy man talk...



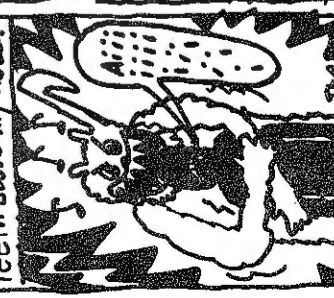
All I remember of the music is the singers hot in my peripheral vision.



I think they only played one note, and it was loud.



It surrounded me like the crush of a huge fuzzbear with its teeth above my head.



DUE TO THE OVERWHELMING RESPONSE TO OUR PREVIOUS POETRY PAGES, WE DECIDED TO DEVOTE TWO WHOLE PAGES TO THIS WONDERFUL ART FORM. THANKS TO ALL THE SUBMITTERS!

A thousand pounds of cold black lead
 fell from above and smashed me head
 Now, do believe...
 I'm dead
 It's not bad, living in a dream, I never
 want to wake, life is a scream
 Fracture bursts inside my skull
 Count my bones, their numbers is null.
 Tello-Womgan, that was I be,
 living this world in a phantom Fantasy
 who needs life but the wicked and the
 babes, I'm content at Tello-Womgan
 in my cherry red haze
 life's a scream
 I'll get ya down, but not if ya dream
 forget your bones
 forget your brains
 Tello-Womgan don't have no pains
 I'm as cold as gold can be
 I'll smile and shake, but I'll never break.
 My screams won't come
 And neither will I
 Sex without bones I A Vicious lie.
 Laugh, if you must, I'll never rest;
 I'll bond with the passion of time,
 I won't let life get ya down
 Tello-Womgan is livin' it her prime
 she's here and now, wasting you away
 to ya better grab fast & hold eat her
 while you can, cause once you gaze
 there she'll melt in your
 hands.
 Take her once and I'll stay forever
 your skin will stretch and your bones
 will sever,
 life's a scream so live it in a
 dream.
 Tello-Womgan will show you things
 you've never seen.
 Don't ask why
 Don't ask where
 Tello-Womgan will always
 be there.

Roses are red
Violets are purple
I ride to school
everyday in a car pool
Guren Guren

Roses are red
Violets are purple
My brother who drowned
Was sucked down by a whirlpool.
Guran Guran

Roses are red
Violets are purple
I have a neighbor
Whose tractor can sure pull!

Guram Guram

Roses are red
Violets are purple
My girl has small breasts
But rather large mipples.
Guran Guran

I dropped my dolly in the dirt
I asked my dolly if it hurt.
And she did not answer me
Because she was as dead as she could be.

Midol by S.A. Crane

Cramps hurt like hell
they cramp my style
But drugs like Midol
make do for awhile.

[Political
comix
by Lee A.

Excuse me, Senator, but why don't you use this book mark?

Because I like
my pages
BENT OVER.

HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA

PISSING IN THE OCEAN

I want to
shave the sheep
so they'll come in from the cold
Piss in the ocean
and tell them it's not wine
Brush my teeth with nuclear waste
and bleed red stop signs
for the man in the driver's seat
Send God a get well card
Play with my food in Africa
and ask for seconds
Cut off my right arm
put it in water
and watch it die
Send Teddy Kennedy to Lithuania
with no return address
Fire another secretary
in the world peace dept.
Walk to Russia
and ask for a light beer
Recall World War II
because of defective windshield wipers
Make loud carless
our national tune
Take love out of the dictionary
and keep it in a shoe box
under my bed
Verbally reprimand
the person who started all this
and go back to start
and take smaller steps
by G. MANN

by G. MANN

The Man by Gur-an Gur-an

One day there was a man. He
looked like this.

But then he got fat because he ate lots of beans and he was too nice to expell his dangerous gases so he let large quantities of methane gas build up inside him for 10 years. Then he looked like this.

Except his face wasn't happy. One day, he smoked a cigar and blew up and people at some restaurant found pieces of him in their soup. It was gross.

THE END

THE YOUNG DEAD

Rounce their yellow laughter
through streets
they've never walked
Kick the can
Still enjoy Saturday mornings
cartoons candy life
bugs and rain

Still believe in fun
these children
who can't understand
this slow, eternal death

as they die
one Saturday afternoon
in my front yard

I saw death on
the road today
a suck / a leg
niggers / 35 backs
screams / silence
death / blood
vengeance / man

CKP

Gregory
COMIA
BY: LEE J.

Hey - I got
a new song

Rat D.S.

TRACK OF TIME

The men was think they know it all
Are keeping track of time,
They hold the cards, And we can't play
What does it matter
We might all go today.

A bottom push is all it takes
We'll fly at chicken in a pan
Now say goodbye to your
Fellow man,
Hold your nose and your pain, save it for
The cold rain. It will hold over
Head, strip away skin
COME ON BOYS WE'VE GOT TO WIN
Win for the flag, for the runner, the
Pie, the Kimo, or the man who
Pushes the bottom down,
DON'T FEAR
You'll never know it happened at all
The minute it drops, down we shall fall
Low on bridges, follow down
We are the boys made up as clowns
as baby Daddy, broad as Mom
say hello to the **ATOM BOMB**

Live today as it were your last
It may be the end, the beginning
of past
3- Broad your butter,
strengthen your tie
Goodbye Mom. It's time to die
The Mushroom clouds form over the
Rivers and valleys are pools
of red,
Laugh not at our "leaders" ways
They are the ones who number
our days. x.c.

RIDDLE ANSWER -
A PARACHUTING ACCIDENT

Existing on the minimum
My blood is blue
The veins are struggling
Rushing the thoughts to my head
They disappear
Memory is failing
Speech becomes confused
Function on responsibility
Eyes become focused
For hours I stare
The spot on the wall
Brings reality back to my brain
Yet, I still stare.

cat

HEY GANG!! LET'S PLAY DALE'S Song Title/Word

Association Game!

SOMETIME, WHEN YOU'RE SITTING AROUND PICKING ANCHOVIES OFF YOUR COMBO PIZZA AND BORED WITH THE ETHIOPIAN SPECIAL ON BIG SCREEN AT MR. GATTI'S (IT REALLY HAPPENED, FOLKS), YOU CAN PULL OUT SOME NAPKINS AND A PEN AND PLAY THE "SONG TITLE - WORD ASSOCIATION GAME" WITH YOUR FRIENDS BETWEEN BITES AND WIPES (OF THE GREASE OFF YOUR FACE).

DIRECTIONS: FIRST PERSON TO START WRITES A SONG TITLE ON A NAPKIN (PREFERABLY A TITLE THAT IS LONG AND FAMILIAR TO ALL, JUST TO GET THE BALL ROLLING).

THEN, NEXT PERSON'S TURN - CHOOSING ONE OF THE WORDS FROM THE PREVIOUS SONG TITLE, PLAYER #2 MUST COME UP WITH ANOTHER SONG TITLE WITH THE SAME WORD IN IT.

EXAMPLE - (1ST PERSON) "HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN"

(2ND PERSON) "JAIL HOUSE ROCK"

YOU CAN UNDERLINE THE SIMILAR WORDS, JUST TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL AND ALL; THEN, PASS IT ON TO PERSON #3 (OR BACK TO #1 IF THERE'S ONLY TWO OF YOU), WHO, WITHOUT USING THE PREVIOUS SIMILAR WORD, MUST COME UP WITH ANOTHER SONG TITLE.

EXAMPLE - (2ND PERSON) "JAIL HOUSE ROCK"

(3RD PERSON) "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"

WELL HEY, THIS CONTINUES UNTIL YOU GET INTO UNCHARTED WATERS AND YOU START STUMPING YOUR PIZZA PALS, WHEN SOMEONE CAN'T COME UP WITH A TITLE, THEY HAVE TO DROP OUT AND PASS IT ON TO SOMEONE ELSE, UNTIL EVERYONE IS STUMPED AND THE LAST TITLE WRITER WINS!

EXAMPLE: "ME AND BOBBY MCGEE"

"BOBBY SUE"

"PEGGY SUE" (WHO KNOWS OF ANOTHER SONG-

TITLE WITH "PEGGY" IN IT?)

THAT'S BASKALLY IT UNLESS YOU WANT TO INCLUDE THESE PICKY LITTLE RULES:

* YOU MIGHT HAVE TO PUT, LIKE, A 3-MINUTE TIME LIMIT ON A TURN, BECAUSE SOME FOLKS THINK THEY KNOW A TITLE BUT NEVER SEEM TO COME UP WITH IT! THEN THE PIZZA'S COLD.

* IT'S BEEN QUESTIONED WHETHER YOU CAN USE DERIVATIVES OF WORDS OR WHETHER OR NOT YOU HAVE TO USE THE PREFIXES OF A WORD OR JUST THE ROOT OF THE WORD.

EXAMPLE: "DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART" ... "HEARTBREAKER"
IT'S UP TO YOU!



"I don't think you should do it."
"Why not?"
"I just don't think it's right."
"I don't get moral with me. If I don't have a problem with it, it isn't wrong for me to do it."
The knife's blade caught some light and reflected it into Rob's eyes.
"You don't have to do that," he said.
I turned the knife over in my hand.
"I do have to do it. There's no other way."
I looked up at Rob. He was glaring at me. I guess he was really bothered by it. What could I say to him that would make him understand? I mean, it was no big deal.
I turned the knife back over and got a good grip on it, ready for action.
"Please don't look at me like that. You're not the only one with this problem."
"I don't need help, Rob. I'm just hungry; that's all." I laid the knife down. "Look, if it bothers you that much you don't have to watch. I won't be doing any harm to you, so it shouldn't bother you anyway."
"I guess it's the principle. I think it's really sick, you could so easily do that to something so innocent."
I was getting sick of it by then.
"Would you just get the hell out of here? Go watch MTV or something!"
"All right," Rob said. "I will. But my not being here won't cover this up. I hope you carry it to your grave." He turned and left the room.
"Thank God he left," I thought to myself. "I can do this in peace."
I picked up the knife and studied it. This would work beautifully. In one quick motion I brought the knife down to the table, cleanly slicing the tomato into two pieces. I handed these pieces and then handed them to the green lettuce. Well, that was it.
"Rob!" I yelled. "Dinner's ready!"
"I can't," he muttered from the next room. "I just can't."
"Fine," I said. So I picked up a fork, jabbed it into a tomato chunk and put it into my mouth, savoring the juices before I finally chewed it up and swallowed it.

My City by Gar-an Our-an

My city isn't as big as other cities. As a matter of fact, my city is not a big city at all. It's a small city! It's called Nashville and I've lived in my city for 19 years and 11 months. Before that I lived in my mommy's tummy. That was even smaller than my city but now it's almost as big as my city. In my city there's a place where all the people go and get drunk and hear good music like the Emory and PJ and the Dusters and other bands too. My mommy's tummy didn't have a place like this called Cantrell's. There I see big kids and little kids and sometimes I see punk people. It looks like this.



THIS IS WHERE DRUNK PEOPLE COME ON.
THIS IS WHERE PUNK PEOPLE PLAY.
My city is nice. I like my city.

CAT FIGHTS

by JERRY DALE Age 14

LAST WEEK I WAS WALKING HOME FROM THE LOCAL CAT FIGHTS. THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD THAT NIGHT! FRED GARVIN'S CAT WON "CHAMPION OF THE WEEK" AGAIN. WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, I SAW TWO CAT DOGS HUNCHING EACH OTHER. I DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS AMUSING SO I ATTEMPTED TO SEPARATE THEM. SCREWING ANOTHER DOG IN THE BUTT DID NOT LOOK TOO PRETTY AND THE BAD THING ABOUT IT WAS THAT THEY WERE DOING IT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. TRAFFIC STARTED TO PILE UP AND SPECTATORS GATHERED.
I DECIDED TO KICK THE ONE ON TOP. AS I DID, THE CROWD APPLAUDED. SOON THEY FINALLY FELL APART, TOTALLY EXHAUSTED. AFTER LICKING EACH OTHER CLEAN, TWO PARTIES FROM THE CROWD DECIDED TO TAKE EACH ONE OF THEM HOME AS A PET. THE TWO MEN THAT TOOK EACH DOG, EXCHANGED PHONE NUMBERS SO THAT THEY COULD GET TOGETHER AND WATCH THEIR CAT DOGS DO THEIR THING. RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE MEN ARE LEARNING A LOT OF NEW POSITIONS FROM THEIR DOGS AND TRYING THEM OUT ON EACH OTHER.

HOW TO VEGETATE

IN 20 EASY STEPS!! by DEAN HARRIS

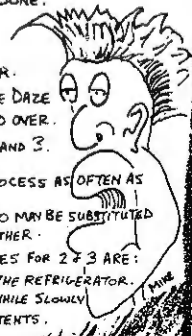
1. TAKE PHONE OFF HOOK. (OPTIONAL)
- * 2. LIGHT A CIGARETTE AND BEGIN TO SMOKE SLOWLY.
- * 3. WHEN CIGARETTE IS SMOKED ALL THE WAY DOWN, GRIND OUT SLOWLY.
4. PUT ON VEGETATION MUSIC (BLUES, MELLOW JAZZ DOORS, & LOU REED ARE GREAT!)
5. LOOK OUT A WINDOW.
- * 6. REPEAT STEPS 2 AND 3.
7. LIE DOWN.
8. FIND A SPOT ON THE CEILING AND STARE AT IT INTENTLY, IT WILL BEGIN TO MOVE.
9. SIT UP.
10. PICK UP AN OUTDATED MAGAZINE AND LOOK AT THE PICTURES (ROCK IS BEST)
- * 11. REPEAT STEPS 2 AND 3.
12. TURN ON TV, LEAVING VOLUME ALL THE WAY DOWN.
13. CONSIDER DOING HOMEWORK OR OTHER THINGS THAT NEED TO BE DONE.
14. DON'T DO HOMEWORK OR OTHER THINGS THAT NEED TO BE DONE.
15. SIT THERE.
16. SIGH.
17. LOOK AT THE FLOOR.
18. GO INTO A SEVERE DAZE
19. TURN THE RECORD OVER.
- * 20. REPEAT STEPS 2 AND 3.

REPEAT ENTIRE PROCESS AS OFTEN AS NECESSARY.

* STEPS 2, 3, 6, 11, & 20 MAY BE SUBSTITUTED OR DELETED TOGETHER.

EFFECTIVE SUBSTITUTES FOR 2 & 3 ARE:

2. GET A BEER OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR.
3. READ ENTIRE LABEL WHILE SLOWLY DRAINING CONTENTS.



SPEECHLESS + USELESS

by LEE A. CARR

"O.K. SIMON, ARE YOU READY TO START YOUR PIANO LESSONS?" SAID THE BALD, BUT NICE INSTRUCTOR.
 "WHY I BELIEVE I AM, MR. YOUROPY."
 "FINE, PLEASE LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY, IT IS VERY IMPORTANT, I DON'T WANT YOU TO EVER TALK TO YOUR PARENTS AGAIN, AND PLEASE DON'T TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS EITHER. SIMON, ALSO, I DON'T WANT YOU TO WATCH T.V. OR RIDE IN A CAR, BECAUSE IT'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU."
 "WHY SHOULD I DO ALL THIS, I'M ONLY A 10 YR. OLD BOY. I'LL JUST DIE IF I CAN'T TALK TO MY PARENTS."
 "LISTEN HERE BOY, YOU DO WHAT I SAY, OR I'LL MAKE BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO YOU."
 "O.K. I WON'T TALK TO THEM."
 AS HE LEAVES MR. YOUROPY'S SHOP HE WALKS 1 BLOCK TO HIS HOME WHERE HE FINDS HIS PARENTS COOKING SUPPER.

"SIMON, HOW DID YOUR LESSON GO, DID YOU LEARN ANY NEW CHORDS?" SAID GEORGE, HIS FATHER.
 "GEORGE DON'T BE SILLY, HE PLAYS PIANO. HOW DID YOU DO SIMON?" SAID HIS SHY MOTHER PHYLLIS.
 "SON, I ASKED YOU A QUESTION? CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU DEAF?"
 "SAID SIMON."

"PHYLLIS," GEORGE CALMLY SAID, "LET ME HANDLE THIS. SIMON WHAT IS WRONG? O.K. IF YOU WON'T TALK; I WILL GET TO YOUR ROOM."

"GEORGE, HIS FAVORITE SHOW'S ABOUT TO COME ON, LET HIM WATCH IT."
 "O.K., SIMON COME BACK, YOU CAN WATCH GUNSMOKE."
 "SIMON, COME ON DEAR, DADDY IS GOING TO LET YOU WATCH MISS KITTY AND THE GANG."

SIMON WALKS DOWN THE STEPS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD NO. THEN HE RAN BACK UP STAIRS.
 "THAT'S ODD. GEORGE, HE KNOWS THAT TONIGHT'S SHOW IS WHERE FESTUS WALKS IN HIS SLEEP AND ACCIDENTLY RAPES MISS KITTY. THEN MATT FINDS OUT AND HIM AND FESTUS HAVE A SHOOT-OUT. FESTUS KILLS MATT, AND BECOMES THE SHERIFF IN DODGE CITY, THEN HE TRIES TO DO HIS BEST BY BRINGING MORE INDUSTRY TO DODGE CITY. TO TRY TO IMPROVE THEIR 15% UNEMPLOYMENT. BUT, O.K., FESTUS, YOU KNOW HIM, HE MESSES EVERYTHING UP."
 "PHYLLIS THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT IS GOING TO BE A REAL GOOD EPISODE. LET'S WATCH IT."

AS SIMON LAYS IN HIS BED, LISTENING TO THE THEME SONG OF GUNSMOKE, WHICH INDICATED THAT IT WAS COMING ON; HE BEGAN TO CRY WISHING HE WAS DOWN THERE, BUT AT LEAST HE HEARS THE SHOW.

"WHY MISS KITTY, I'M ANFULLY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK. AND TO BEAT IT ALL, I KILLED OLD MATT."
 "FESTUS, I UNDERSTAND, BUT I'M STILL UPSET. WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE IT TO ONE OF MY GIRLS, THEY'RE USED TO STINKING, DIRTY, TRASHY, AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS, LIKE YOURSELF." KITTY QUERIED.
 "WHY HOLD ON A HOOTIN' DOG-GONE MINUTE. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I SWEAR IT WAS, I WAS STILL A SLEEPIN' WHEN I CAME IN YOUR ROOM."
 "WELL YOU SURE DIDN'T ACT LIKE YOU WAS JUST A SLEEPIN', YOU ACTED LIKE A WILD RAT, AND I COULDN'T SHAKE YOU OFF."

"WELL I PROMISE I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. WHY. I'M GOING TO BRING BUSINESS INTO THIS TOWN, FACTORYS WILL BE IN EVERY CORNER YOU LOOK AND DODGE CITY WILL BE ON ITS FEET AGAIN."

"FESTUS, KITTY! GO GET A DOCTOR!" SAID DOC.
 "WHY DOC, YOU'RE THE ONLY DOCTOR ON THE SHOW."
 "MY HEART IS GOING, BUT BEFORE I GO I MUST SAY SOMETHING - I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF, BECAUSE ME AND NEWLY ARE TRYING TO RUN YOU OUT, BY MAKING YOUR INDUSTRY PLAN FAIL, THEN THE PEOPLE OF DODGE WOULD RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN AND....."
 "MISS KITTY, I BELIEVE HE'S DEAD."

"WELL, GO-GET NEWLY AND LOCK HIM UP, BEFORE HE RUINS DODGE, AND GO TELL ALL THE BUSINESS MEN THAT THE MEETING WILL HAVE TO WAIT BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO FIND AND LOCK UP NEWLY, AND PLEASE COME BACK TONIGHT, AND BE A WILD RAT."

"FESTUS," SAID A STRANGE VOICE, "COME HERE."
 "WHO ARE YOU?" FESTUS QUESTIONED SINCERELY.
 "MY NAME IS JOSEPH. I'VE COME TO HELP YOU OUT. I ALREADY HAVE NEWLY IN CUSTODY."
 "WHY I'M MUCH OBLIGED, BUT WHO SAID YOU COULD HELP."
 "NOW HOLD ON, I'M ON YOUR TEAM, REMEMBER."
 "O.K., LET'S GO TO THE MEETING AND BRING JOBS BACK INTO DODGE."

THE END

Editorial Question

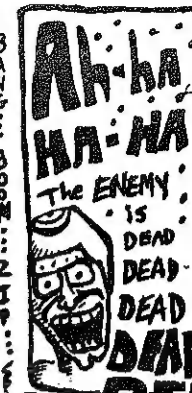
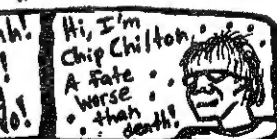
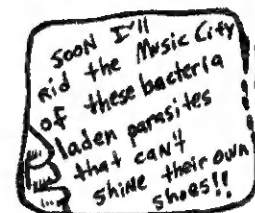
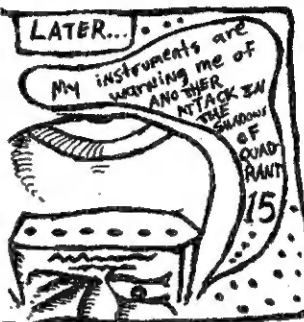
S.C.

If a plane flies over a forest and flushes its toilet and the vile-smelling contents fall into the forest and there's no one there to notice, is there indeed a vile smell?



It's UNCANNY
But he's flying
Real close to
Nashville.

CAPT. Weasle
MEETS MUSIC CITY!!



LEE'S MOVIE GUIDE

by Lee A. Carr
 DON'T GO SEE MOVIES WITH LOTS OF PENIS JOKES LIKE 'PORKY'S.'
 DON'T GO SEE MOVIES THAT HAVE JOURNEY SONGS IN THE SOUND TRACK.
 DON'T GO SEE MOVIES WITH CUTE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THEM.
 DON'T GO SEE THAT MADONNA MOVIE, CAUSE MY SISTER SAID IT WAS STUPID.

MORE FAMOUS QUOTES, ETC.

in Kathmandu, Nepal, the jet age has been introduced. Nepal has bought itself a Boeing 707. In the inaugural ceremony two goats were slaughtered and the blood smeared around the cockpit to keep away the evil spirits.
Charles Osgood
CBS News

We must respect the other fellow's religion, but only in the same sense and to the extent that we respect his theory that his wife is beautiful and his children smart.
H. L. Mencken

Let the one who put a jinx on the village die. Let him die, he who thought evil thoughts against us. Also, give us fish.
Wapokomo prayer

Great Quahootze! Let me live, not be sick, find the enemy, not be afraid of him, find him asleep, and kill many of him.
Nootka Indian prayer

We have art that we do not die of the truth.
Nietzsche

The rash assertion that "God made man in His own image" is ticking like a time bomb at the foundations of many faiths, and as the hierarchy of the universe is disclosed to us, we may have to recognize this chilling truth: if there are any gods whose chief concern is man, they cannot be very important gods.
Arthur C. Clarke

Ever look at a male lion in a zoo? Fresh meat on time, females supplied, no hunter to worry about—he's got it made, hasn't he? Then why does he look so bored?
Robert Heinlein
The Glory Road

ILLUSIONS: THE ADVENTURES OF A RELUCTANT MESSIAH. By: Richard Bach

"Messiah's Handbook,

Reminders for the Advanced Soul."

Quotes from the Saviour's Manual, Handbook or Bible for Masters.

Every person, all the events of your life are there because you have drawn them there. What you choose to do with them is up to you.

Your conscience is the measure of the honesty of your selfishness. Listen to it carefully.

Don't be dismayed at good-byes.

A farewell is necessary before you can meet again.

And meeting again, after moments or lifetimes, is certain for those who are friends.

In order to live free and happily, you must sacrifice boredom. It is not always an easy sacrifice.

Here is a test to find whether your mission on earth is finished: If you're alive, it isn't.

Don't turn away from possible futures before you're certain you don't have anything to learn from them.

Everything in this book may be wrong. R.B.

You teach best what you most need to learn. R.B.

If you will practice being fictional for a while, you will understand that fictional characters are sometimes more real than people with bodies and hearts. R.B.

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO THIRD DECADE - (ECM)

WELL, FIRST I OUGHTA TELL YA WHO THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO IS. IT'S NOT A BUNCH OF PAINTING-SCHOOL DROPOUTS WHO PLAY ART-PUNK; IT'S JAZZ MUSICIANS, FIVE BLACK GUYS ALL IN THEIR FORTIES. HEY, COME BACK AND FINISH REARD' THIS!! YOU MIGHT BE GLAD YOU DID. SEE, THESE GUYS PLAY MUSIC LIKE NOBODY ELSE. THE "JAZZ" THEY PLAY IS MOSTLY FREE-FOR-ALL GROUP IMPROVISATION—OFTEN WILD AND RAUCOUS, OFTEN QUIET AND MEDITATIVE, AND ALWAYS THE SORT OF THING MY ROOMMATE CALLS "OUT-OF-TUNE NOISE"—IT'S GREAT.

SEE, BACK IN '80 I WAS YER AVERAGE KID WHO LISTENED TO THE SAME KINDA STUFF ALL THE TIME, AND I WAS BORED! I READ "MUSICIAN" OCCASIONALLY AND I KEPT READING ALL THESE RAVES ABOUT THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO, SO ONE DAY I PLOPPED DOWN SOME CASH ON THEIR CURRENT ALBUM OF THAT TIME, "FULL FORCE" I LISTENED TO SIDE ONE—A TWENTY-MINUTE IMPROV PIECE FULL OF SQUAKING SAXES, BLEATING TRUMPETS, ASSORTED TUCK CALLS, GONGS, BRAKE DRUMS, BELLS AND ANY OTHER NOISEMAKING OBJECTS IMAGINABLE—AND HATED IT. PUT IT AWAY RIGHT THEN. FIVE MONTHS LATER, AFTER GROWING UP SOME MORE, I DECIDED TO GIVE THE RECORD A SECOND CHANCE. THIS TIME, IT SOUNDED GREAT. THE DEPTH OF HUMOR, ANGER, SADNESS, JOY AND MYSTERY IN THE A.E.C.'S MUSIC BECAME APPARENT TO ME THEN AND, WELL, MY LIFE JUST HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE.

THIRD DECADE IS ANOTHER GREAT RECORD FROM THESE GUYS. IT BEGINS WITH "A PRAYER FOR JIMBO KWESI", A BEAUTIFUL BALLAD-MANTRA SORTA THING WITH AN IRISH-AFRICAN MELODY. FOR REAL. THEN THERE'S "FUNKY A.E.C.," WHERE THEY GET A GEORGE CLINTON GROOVE GOING AND RAISE ALL KINDS A HELL. YALL WOULD LOVE IT! TRUMPETER LESTER BOWIE IS A WILD MAN, A BLUEFOON—ONE OF THE FUNNIEST MUSICIANS EVER. SIDE ONE CLOSES WITH "A WALK BY MOONLIGHT" AN OLD-STYLE BALLAD PLAYED TENDERLY, HUMOROUSLY, AND CUT-OF-TUNE, WITH TUCK CALLS AND WHISTLES IN THE BACKGROUND. BEAUTIFUL! SIDE TWO IS GREAT, ALSO, BUT I'VE GOTTA GO.

SO, HEY—NEXT PAYCHECK ARE YOU GONNA SPEND YOUR HARD-EARNED BUCKS ON YET ANOTHER DISC OF THE "NAZI BABY KILLERS" DOING THE SAME OL' THING, OR, TRY SOMETHING FULL OF LIFE AND A SENSE OF WONDER? THINK ABOUT IT!! — H.T.

ZEITGEIST: "Whereas Jamb's 'Freight Train Rain' by 'Electra' single, c/o KICKWOOD Records, 1508A Kirkwood Rd., Austin, Tx, 78722...I noticed this independent single release by Zeitgeist in a nasty World magazine a few months ago, and boy was I excited! I can still remember seeing this quartet almost a year ago and they have stuck with my mind ever since. Now I'm pleased to have found some vinyl by this Austin-based, psych-melodic-folkish-rock extravaganza. The single opens with a short instrumental entitled "Whereas Jamb" and quickly moves into "Freight Train Rain," a mostly acoustic number with a melody that will leave you singing it for days on end, although the words may mean nothing to you. Now, the clincher: as I have observed, I find that most bands get their A-side and B-side material mixed up! "Electra" is truly the jewel on this single that must be had by all this happy ditty is worth all the trouble you'll go through in ordering a simple little single in the mail, but do it just try once. Mail is fun! Zeitgeist says they would like to play in Nashville and will hopefully be touring some soon. Watch for them! (Oh yeah (12-TRF-), I like the laughing on the end of "Freight Train Rain" it makes it so personal!) STEVE BUE

LONE JUSTICE (Geffen, LP)

LONE JUSTICE isn't just out to play a little music. This band wants to tell the world what they've been missing in the two years time it's taken to release their debut LP. And what have we been missing? Quite a lot. The album kicks off with "EAST OF EDEN," a burning rocker, wherein Maria McKee declares, "I know where my love is. My love is east of EDEN." And from there, dear listener, you're hooked. There's something for everyone on this album, but those who decidedly hate country music should probably steer clear. Ex: DON'T Toss US AWAY, All the kudos in the world could not express my admiration for McKee's Patsy Cline/Tammy Wynette soprano on this song. What a fantastic voice! The band can play as they demonstrate on "AIN'T I TILL WE GET HOME" and "SOAP SOAP AND SALVATION." My only gripe is the Tom Petty penned "WAYS TO BE WICKED." McKee saves the song through her magical voice, but I still don't understand why it was chosen for a video and single. LONE JUSTICE sounds like L.A.'s answer to the Searchers. In fact McKee and Jason should consider a duet together. All in all, 2 yrs. was worth it... L.H.

GROOVE MOLLATIONS